

## Cake vs Pie

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Beware.

## Cake vs Pie

**\*\*Title: \*\*Cake vs Pie**

> **<strong>Summary: <strong>The ongoing argument has made its way into fanfiction.**

> **<strong>Rating: <strong>G**

> **<strong>Warnings: <strong>Bias opinions...CAKE!**

> **<strong>Notes: <strong>Uh...cake rules all. You know, the basics.**

"Sarge, I know we've had our differences, but just this once, can you please say it?"

> "Never. I absolutely refuse to agree with you; besides, we all know I'm right. Right, Simmons?"<p>

From the other room, there came an upbeat voice calling, "Whatever you say, sir!" Sarge gave Grif a smug look.

"Yeah, well, let's ask someone who doesn't kiss ass. Hey, Donut, get in here!" Grif shouted, folding his arms over his chest in a self-satisfied sort of way.

Donut walked in a few wordless moments later, disgruntled and irritable. "What?" He asked groggily. Oh yeah. They forgot how late it was...And how different Donut was when he was half-asleep.

"Which is better, cake or pie?"

Rolling his eyes, Donut said, "Well, that's a dumb question. Pie." With that, he left the room, scratching the back of his head. "And I'm not making any today!" He called over his shoulder after he exited the room.

Chuckling, Grif gave Sarge an 'I-Told-You-So' smirk, leaning against the kitchen counter. "Whadya say to that, huh, Sarge?" He asked.

"Hogwash!" Sarge grunted. "Just because Princess Peach thinks that pie is good doesn't mean he's right. I know how we can settle this."

Grif would've had his drink coming out of his nose if he had one. "You're not thinking..." He asked between laughs.

"Oh, but I am," the sergeant said, and then there was a click. A familiar click. \_He had turned on his radio.\_ "Hello? Hello? This is Blood Gulch Outpost Number One to Red Command. Can. You. Read me?"

The sardonic voice on the other end was none other than Vic. "Dude. I'm right here. No need to shout, dude," he said.

"Er, sorry."

> "I think my eardrums popped, dude. Way to go."<br> "Well-"  
> "Hold on a second, man. I'm trying to fix my hearing."<br> "I didn't think I was \_that\_-"  
> "Alright, alright. It's all good, me amigo. Now, whatcha need?"<br> "One of my grunts and I are in an argument. We were hoping you could help us settle it."

Grif was doubled over in silent laughter at that point.

"Yeah, sure, dude. What do you need?"

> "Which is better? Pie or cake?"<p>

There was a long pause. A very long pause. Grif had long ago ran for the bathroom from laughing so badly. Donut and Simmons they could drag into the argument, but Vic?

"What?" Vic asked flatly.

"Pie or cake?"

> "You called me up at three in the morning to ask that? Dude. That's weak."<br> "Well?"

> "Come on, man, everyone knows cake is better."<p>

When Grif returned, he was given much face rubbing and such. Because we all know cake is better, even if Grif and Donut don't agree.

End  
file.